



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

OETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

DIRGE

To those under smoke-blackened tiles, and cavernous
 echoing arches,
In tortuous hid courts where the roar never ceases
Of deep cobbled streets wherein dray upon dray ever
 marches,
 The sky is a broken lid, a litter of smashed yellow pieces.

To those under mouldering tiles, where life to an hour is
 crowded—
Life, to a span of the floor, to an inch of the light;
And night is all feverous hot, a time to be bawded and
 rowdied:
 Day is a time of grinding, that looks for rest to the night.

Those who would live, do it quickly; with quick tears,
 sudden laughter,
Quick oaths, terse blasphemous thoughts about God the
 Creator.
Those who would die, do it quickly; with noose from the
 rafter,
 Or the black, shadowy eddies of Thames, the hurry-
 hater.

Life is the master, the keen and grim destroyer of beauty.
Death is a quiet and deep reliever, where soul upon soul
And wizened and thwarted body on body are loosed from
 their duty

Richard Hughes

Of living, and sink in a bottomless, edgeless, impalpable
hole.

Dead, they can see far above them, as if from the depth of
a pit,
Black on the glare small figures that twist and are shriv-
elled in it.

Richard Hughes

TIMELESSNESS

We knew a timeless place beside three trees,
Where lights across an arching bridge were set;
And, dark against the sky, was flung a frieze
Of human joy in shifting silhouette.
Figures of children—swift, and lovers—slow,
Made us a pageant as they crossed the hill.
We called it “being dead,” and watched them go,
Remembering when we were living still.
Now you have died, and found those timeless nights;
Ours was a dream which you have made come true.
Three trees are there, a hill, a bridge of lights:
I know, I know—I have been dead with you!
I shall put off my grief, my sick despair,
Since only joy is silhouetted there.

Louise Townsend Nicholl